"The Truth shall make you FREE."—Christ.

The Christian Freeman.

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MICHAEL FARADAY.

Little more than two years has elapsed since there passed away from amongst us a great and good man, whose life and career afford a striking instance of the way in which a high social position and distinguished eminence in science may be attained principally through the force of moral qualities; for it was not from brilliant genius, nor even great natural powers of intellect, but rather from constancy of purpose, untiring industry, perseverance, and persistency in the search for truth, which enabled Michael Faraday to accomplish the work which has given to his name a world-wide renown. It was through these qualities that he was enabled to make discoveries which shed much light on the laws which govern the material world; and a knowledge of these laws is not only of great use to man in the affairs of life, but tend to give clearer conceptions of the greatness of the Creator—which of all knowledge is the most elevating to the mind of man.

The father of Faraday was a blacksmith, who, shortly before the birth of the son who was so to distinguish himself, had moved to the neighbourhood of London, from a village called Clapham, in a pleasant part of Yorkshire, where his family for several generations had been well-known and respected. Michael, the third son, was born at Newington in the year 1791, but his father going still nearer into London in order to obtain work, his earliest years were passed in Jacob's Well Mews, at the back of Weymouth-street, where the only education he received from others was gained at a common day-school where the instruction was limited to reading, writing, and arithmetic, and it does not appear as if any remarkable intelligence was shown by him as a young child, beyond that of a fondness for asking questions. When old enough he was apprenticed to a bookbinder and stationer in a neighbouring street, where, besides work in the shop, it was part of his business to carry out newspapers. Partly from peeping into these, and into the books and reviews which passed through his hands, the young apprentice picked up knowledge. Having by chance to bind "Marcet's Conversations on Chemistry," he was so attracted by its contents that he read it through, and the simple introduction to the science given in this work proved so fascinating to him that it determined his future career, and formed the basis of the wonderful accumulation of knowledge on the subject which his mind was afterwards to contain. He found means to obtain other books on chemistry and natural philosophy to read in his leisure hours, and made for himself a small electrical machine with a glass phial, and afterwards a galvanic battery, with which he experimented. The results of his reading and experiments he recorded in carefully written letters to a young friend who had like tastes with himself, the correspondence extending over several years. Of these letters, which have been preserved, his biographer (Dr. Bence Jones) observes—"That had they been written by a highly educated gentleman they would have been remarkable for the energy, correctness, and fluency of the style, and the courtesy, kindness, deference, and even humility of the thoughts they contain." When about twenty-one years of age, his father being dead, young Faraday began to work as a journeyman with another bookseller, and every opportunity was eagerly seized by him for improving himself. He attended lectures on scientific subjects, and took of these copious and accurate notes, and thought it

worth while to teach himself the principles of perspective in order that he might draw the diagrams and illustrations to them correctly. At length an ardent wish arose in his mind to be employed in some way in connection with science, and the desire soon become too strong to resist. Through the kindness of a friend he had been enabled to attend the four last lectures of a course on chemistry given by Sir Humphrey Davy at the Royal Institution, and partly from notes and partly from memory he wrote these lectures carefully down, and then judging rightly that the MS. would attest to his interest in the subject, and give evidence of his industry and attainments, he sent it to Sir H. Davy, accompanied by a note, requesting him in a frank and respectful manner to procure him employment. The reply he received was kind and favourable, although no actual promise of compliance with his wishes was given. Faraday had perhaps began to fancy that he was forgotten by the great man, when a few months afterwards, as he was one night undressing for bed, a carriage drove up to the door of his humble house in Weymouth-street, and after a loud knock at the door, which must have startled the quiet neighbourhood, a footman handed in a note, the contents of which were to offer him the post of assistant at the Royal Institution, at a salary of 25s. per week, the duties of the office being to take charge of all the scientific apparatus, and help the lecturers in conducting experiments. Nothing more was now needed to complete the happiness of Michael Faraday and secure his further advancement. The appointment was, as it were, the first step on the ladder of fame, to the very summit of which he was one day to climb. He entered on his new and congenial duties in the year 1812, but in the following year was chosen by Sir H. Davy to accompany him abroad on the Continent in order to act as his amanuensis, and assist him in scientific researches, so that for a year and a-half Faraday had the advantage of seeing all that was worthy of note in France and Italy, and of gaining much experience and knowledge. During his travels he kept a journal, which, with his letters, give evidence of his earnest desire for self-improvement. In one of these he says, "I am almost contented, except with my own ignorance, which becomes to me more visible every day, though I endeavour as much possible to remedy it." Nothing, however, was more remarkable in his letters than the strength of affection they exhibit towards his family and friends. "Whenever a vacant hour occurs," he wrote in one, "I employ it in thinking of those I have left at home, and I shall never be quite happy until I am among you all again." As he went along he contrived to teach himself a considerable amount of the French and Italian languages, making his own vocabularies, and committing a large stock of words to memory, while he took pains to acquire the right pronunciation of each.

On his return to England he was again engaged at the Royal Institution as assistant in the laboratory, and he took up his abode there, which continued his home to the end of his life, and where he subsequently became the chief professor of chemistry. In 1821 he was married very happily to a wife well worthy of him, and for whom he ever retained the most tender affection. After spending about ten years as a learner of the truths of science discovered and taught by others, Faraday began a series of experiments and researches himself, which led to the discoveries which made his name famous. The results of his investigations he communicated to others by means of lectures, and he spared no pains to make these intelligible and clear. As he was to convey knowledge to the minds of others by word of mouth, he thought no care too much in expressing himself well and distinctly, and to enunciate and emphasise correctly. He took lessons in elocution, and would get a friend to sit by while he lectured, to note down any word that he pronounced amiss, so that he might endeavour to correct himself. In the experiments which were to demonstrate what he was teaching he was equally careful, and by practice gained such manual dexterity in the delicate operations, that the effects he wanted to show were almost always produced as he exhibited them publicly. It is not possible within the compass of this short notice of Faraday to give even a summary of his discoveries, and the results of his experiments and researches, nor would our readers be able perhaps to

estimate their importance without a history of the state of scientific knowledge previous to his labours. It will be enough to say that he was able to throw much light on the nature of electricity, magnetism, chemical affinity, heat, attraction of gravity, and other powers of motion. He found all these powers to be so related to each other as to indicate that they are due to a common cause. Heat and electricity, which were at one time supposed to be substances of the nature of fluids, he proved to be *forces*, as are also electricity and magnetism. For days, weeks, and months, he would patiently labour on with his delicate experiments in order to elucidate a single fact. From a number of facts his comprehensive mind would grasp at conclusions, and from these conclusions he would deduce general laws. At times his imagination would anticipate a discovery, and he would *guess* that certain results might be obtained by certain processes, but not the less did he patiently and perseveringly prosecute his investigations until he had proved that what he suspected was truth. Each discovery, when made known to the scientific world, brought him honours and distinctions. In England he rose to the highest position perhaps ever occupied by a scientific man, while every learned society in Europe and America conferred honours upon him.

We have left to the last to point out what was the most admirable and exemplary feature in the character and life of Faraday, and this was his humility and piety. While the object of his scientific investigations was to penetrate into and lay bare the secrets of nature, so as to discover the general laws by which the universe is governed, his whole life was an evidence of how his own mind and actions were under the influence of the moral and spiritual laws of God. He was a member of a small sect of Christians who call themselves Sandemanians, to which his father and grandfather had belonged before him, and though his week day labours were devoted to the study of the highest philosophy, to the exposition of which in his lectures lords and ladies and learned men alike reverently listened, he would himself on Sundays sit in the little chapel in the City which he attended, a humble and attentive hearer, while some illiterate member of the sect expounded a chapter of the Bible. As an elder of the congregation, it was his office for several years to read and give expositions of Scripture, and for these he would make as careful preparation as for his scientific lectures. Whatever he did, in fact, was done with conscientious earnestness. According to our notions, perhaps, his creed was a narrow one, and it is difficult for us to comprehend how the same mind could entertain the most enlightened views of the beneficent providence of God in Creation, which could put an interpretation on passages of Scriptures that would seem to limit His mercy in regard to His creatures. No discrepancy, however, between the two systems disturbed the mind of Faraday. In allusion to his religious views he once wrote, "There is no philosophy in my religion. I am of a very small sect, known, if known at all, as Sandemanians, and our hope is founded on the faith that is of Christ. But though the natural works of God can never by any possibility come in contradiction with the higher things which belong to our future existence, and must, with everything concerning them, ever glorify Him, still I do not think it at all necessary to tie the study of the natural sciences and religion together, and in my intercourse with my fellow-creatures, that which is religious and that which is philosophical have ever been two distinct things."

Many and touching are the instances given of his humility of character, which will not come amiss in connection with his religion. He was tenderly attached to his old mother, and supported her in comfort and ease through her later years. She was very proud of her distinguished son, and called him "her Michael," but Faraday would beg his wife not to let her talk about him too much, and be, as he thought, too proud of his ability. Of his humble origin he never refrained from speaking, and never saw newspaper boys without making some kind remark about them, and said "he always felt a tenderness towards them, having been one himself."

The effect of great and constant study —an over-straining of the mind, perhaps —caused the mental powers of Faraday

to give way before he could be said to have completed his discoveries. His memory failed him gradually, and he was obliged to relinquish one by one his scientific engagements, until death gave him still more perfect rest. He died in the autumn of 1867, in the seventy-first year of his age, in a pleasant country house which the Queen had assigned him in acknowledgment of the many services he had rendered to the nation through science. His biographer, in summing up what had been the aim of his labours, says :—"He hoped to prove by experiment that there was more than a connection between the imponderable agents, and wished to find more than even a relationship between gravity, heat, light, electricity, magnetism, and even life itself. He wanted to establish an actual identity between them ; and in the search after the unity of all force, he made all his great discoveries." In passing judgment on his character as a man, he points out that the first and greatest quality of Faraday's mind was his truthfulness. "He loved truth beyond all other things, and no man ever did or will search for it with more energy than he did. His second great quality was his kindness. It was born in him, and by careful culture it grew up to be the rule of his life. His third great quality was his energy, a life-long strife to seek and say that which he thought was true, and to do that which was kind. That one who had been a newspaper boy should receive, unsought, almost every honour which every scientific society throughout the world could give ; that he should be consulted by Government, sought after by princes of his own and other countries, and that he should be the admiration of every scientific man, and the object of love to all who knew him, was enough to make him proud ; but his religion was a living root of fresh humility, which grew with his fame, and reached its height with his glory and success."

Finally, Faraday affords another proof and illustration of the union of Religion and Science in the same character; and both eminently transparent—the profound investigator of nature's laws and the humble disciple of Jesus Christ. He successfully laboured to discover the unity of nature's forces, and he lived at one with the revealed commands of nature's God.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

These words are not always used in the New Testament with the same meaning. Thus, at the end of the Lord's Prayer, we read, in the authorised version, "For thine is the kingdom," meaning, that thou, God, art king over all. This, however, is not the usual way in which these words are used. Indeed, that sentence is well known to be an addition to the Lord's Prayer, and it is put aside by Griesbach. At the beginning of the prayer we read, "May thy kingdom come ; that is, may thy kingship be acknowledged upon earth, and may thy laws be obeyed. So, in Luke xvii, 21, Jesus says, "The kingdom of heaven is within you ;" whoever in his own breast takes upon himself to act in obedience to God's will, has already entered the kingdom of heaven. This seems to be the meaning properly belonging to these words, when John the Baptist first, and afterwards Jesus, proclaimed, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand ;" and also when Jesus said, "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," and then other blessings will be added to you. So, when Jesus says, "A rich man will not easily enter the kingdom of heaven," he seems to mean that a rich man does not easily strive to lead a life of righteousness. He is not giving an opinion of his future state after death ; for he goes on to say that with God all things are possible.

In other places the kingdom of heaven seems to mean the little band of righteous men on earth ; as when Jesus says that it will spread like a grain of seed sown in the earth, or like a little leaven mixed in the measures of meal. When he says that the kingdom of heaven is forced, and the violent seize it, he may be speaking of the people who were forcing themselves into fellowship with him who had none of the dispositions of true and religious disciples.

The Apostle Paul uses these words sometimes to mean the state of good men after death ; as when he says that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God ; and, also, that the wicked will not inherit the kingdom of God. But when Paul says that the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, he is using the words in the same sense with Jesus. Thus, in order to understand the New Testament rightly, it is necessary to

observe that there are three or four different meanings given to these important words in different places.

THE DISCONTENTED FLOWERS.

A FABLE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

SOME of the flowers of the field thought they would petition the snow not to fall on them in the winter, but come in the summer when it would melt while falling.

"You keep us back," said the flowers, "wrapping the earth in your cold shroud —come in the summer, and you will then refresh, and not blight us."

"Foolish things," answered a snow-flake, that trembled like a feather on the impatient head of a white-thorn tree. "It is I who protect you from the bitter cold of winter, and who give you strength to enjoy the beautiful summer. All things in season are the best."

So when the weeks danced into the months, and the sun sent his heat into the flowers, and the shadows fainted upon the grass, the blossoms of the white-thorn tree reproached a sunbeam that trembled on its leaves.

"Where were you in the keen cold weather when you were wanted?" it asked; "where?"

"What matters that to you?" answered the sunbeam. "If I told you where I was you would be none the wiser. I am here now. Was not the tree you grew out of once a small seed? and has it not increased and prospered, been heated and cooled by the power that sends me, in due season, a messenger of heat and brightness into your very heart? The snow told me of your murmuring last winter, and now I shall have to tell the snow of your murmurings this summer. A pretty world we should have of it, if every flower chose its own season."

"I shall drop before my time," sighed the blossom.

"That is impossible," answered the sunbeam. "Poor silly thing, cannot you understand that the snow and I cannot meet together? I should destroy its usefulness, and it would destroy mine. Each in its turn;—and that is the way of nature! Each in its turn, and all for good!"

FAITH IN CHRIST HIMSELF.

BY REV. E. H. CHAPIN, D.D.

A MERE conventional or traditional acquiescence is not the kind of faith that is required, an acquiescence by which men are called Christians in the sense in which we are a Christian community. There is a Christ of society. There is a Christ that is generally respected in the outward world. When a man has gone so far as to blaspheme the name of Christ he is held in contempt and horror. Men who occasionally use profane language will still shrink from abusing the name of Jesus. In our Sunday services and worship there is an outward deference to the name of Christ. It is reputable to believe or profess to believe in him. There are some men who go farther, and are zealous for the fact. They imagine there is nothing evangelical in a discourse that does not mention the name of Christ, that it lacks the savour of Christianity. But how much of the spirit of Christ is in the heart and life of society? How many, worshipping even in our churches consecrated to his name, have made their own hearts and souls to be the indwelling temples of Christ? Hence the inconsistency of the world. Honest people point to Christian communities and say, "See how Christians act! See what kind of elements mingle with their best civilisation! See their ships laden for heathen lands with Bibles and tracts and the tools and engines of war! See them speak sentiments of love and mercy and carry victory with the sword!" In so far as this is a diabolical element, in so far the spirit of Carist is not in them. It is one thing to have Christ in society, and it is another to have a conventional or traditional Christ. But it is necessary that Christ should dwell in the heart, and work, by the power of his spirit, in the souls of men. It is not enough to believe in a Christ that has come into the world historically; in a Christ that was born nineteen hundred years ago; in a Christ unto whom was given gold, frankincense, and myrrh. It is not enough to have his name sung in anthems and repeated in tender words to characterise the advent of Christ into the soul of men. The faith in Christ, embracing all this, is an earnest original action of each soul for itself.

There is more truth glowing in that soul which pauses on the threshold of gospel history, and feels staggered by statements here and there; and even pauses at the matchless form of Christ before accepting it—there is more reverence for the truth in this case than in mere outward conformity, and a reputable belief in Christ confessed with the lips. True faith is an earnest original action of the individual soul, moved by strong conviction. That faith is good for nothing which you take and adopt from another. You cannot receive the faith from your fathers. There is a time when we can indicate to our children the landmarks of right. But even the minds of children should not be cast into a fixed mould. We should not say, "Search no more; here is the image of our fathers, and the image and superscription must be stamped on the waxen substance of your minds: let it harden there!" We say, there is the old Bible; let your minds become developed, and your own experience will shed light upon it. So learn for yourselves an original, active, earnest faith that comes out of every man's soul, which he struggles and wrestles for as Jacob wrestles in the night with the angels. We should feel as the Samaritan did: "Now we believe not because of thy saying; for we . . . ourselves . . . *know* that this is the Christ." But they themselves saw him and knew him; and from an earnest and original conviction of their own souls they believed in him.

Conviction is a personal exercise of trust. It is a spontaneous, complete yielding of the whole soul to that in which we trust. We have instances in the New Testament where the father whose boy had so often cast himself into the fire or water, of whom it might be said was possessed of a demon, Christ said, "Be healed!" He did not know that he could believe in that divine Helper; but he believed that if there was any hope or help for his son it must be a divine assistance. And he said, "Lord I believe, help thou mine unbelief." Oh! what a cry. How much nobler than that saying, "I believe in the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, three in one and one in three?" How much more of vitality! So the poor penitent woman at Simon's table, weeping on our Saviour's feet, and wiping them with the hairs of her head—she believed, poor wreck of humanity, an outcast visited with the sharp scorn of man—she believed there was help in the divine love and purity of Christ. She threw herself there, and that faith saved her. And the poor blind man, though pushed aside by the crowd, who said, "Hold thy peace," still felt that Christ could save him, and knew it was his best chance; that there was something there that could heal him. It was not a confession of the lips—not an outward acquiescence that comes through traditional channels; but that comes in an earnest conviction of need and help. True, it was an intellectual conviction. We cannot believe blindly and by hazard; and therefore the intellect has to operate. To believe with the heart is required of us especially. It is a very grave mistake to separate the elements of human nature as men often do.

We sometimes speak as though the intellect acted independently of the heart, or the heart acted independently of the intellect. Head and heart go together in an earnest faith. The heart sustains the head. If we do not like a thing it is very hard to believe it. Faith requires the conviction of the intellect and the belief of the heart. That is the conviction laid down here—a conviction of our need of Jesus. What is ordinarily called faith is nothing more than a decent deference or acquiescence, and is not the faith required of us. There is a great difference between sentiment and conviction. Sentiment is a momentary feeling, a flush of the soul, a thrill of the nerves. You will see sometimes the most depraved people under the influence of preaching or any sudden event melted down, and you would think them the best people. The next moment the sentiment has passed away, and they become as reckless and evil as ever. There is a sentiment of benevolence which is exhibited in the Apostle James, when he says, "Be ye warmed and filled." So in this inclement season of the year, when so many poor are round us, should say, "Be ye warmed and filled." But it is not a sentiment which puts forth the helping hand, and touches the issues of humanity, and lifts humanity up. One is a sentiment, the other is a conviction—a conviction which always goes out to practical action. The Christ that really goes into

our hearts is a conviction. When we feel that we have need of Christ, that without him we are weak, misguided, forlorn, moved by our own evil passions—when we have a conviction that only he can help us, then the door is thrown open, then the King of Glory comes in! Behold! says Christ, "I stand at the door and knock!" How often he stands at the door and knocks! He has been knocking for eighteen hundred years at the door of this great world. He has been knocking at our hearts so long that we have recognised him from the outside. How often have we opened the outside, and said, "Take possession here?"

Christ himself is the great point of belief. But what is the bond of Christian union? There may be, indeed, a true Catholic Church — a Roman Catholic Church, or Anglican Church, or this or that sect. Where is the true bond of union? The bond of union now is where the bond of union was eighteen hundred years ago, among the disciples of Jerusalem. It is where the bond of union was on the Mount of Calvary, in the vale of Gethsemane. The moment men undertake to enter into definitions of Jesus and make them the standards and tests of Christianity—the moment they say, "You must believe this or that about Christ, that he is with the Father, or is secondary; that the atonement is wrought out by God, and that by his atonement men are cleansed—the moment you pile up doctrine on doctrine, or assert the Calvinistic or Athanasian creed—you split the Church into sects, and men become as opposite in their opinions as the poles. The moment you set up Christ as the image of the Father, and believe in that love and holiness, and let the spirit of that purity control your conduct, that moment you have a bond which can unite every man, sway below our opposing controversies, or warring creeds, flows the deep current of a living personal Christ. And belief in him, not about him, is the only way in which "Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith."

DR. CHANNING'S WORKS.—The readers of THE CHRISTIAN FREEMAN will rejoice to hear that nearly 15,000 copies of the above have been ordered. They are still offered (till the 7th of March) to subscribers at 2s. 6d. per copy, or twenty-five copies at 2s. per copy.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

THE difference between the ancient schools of philosophy and the Christian Church was this:—The former speculated about moral evil, but never moved a finger to cure the distempers of their times, while the Christian Church set to work to regenerate society, to put away sin. The philosophers have left a few books; Christ and his disciples have bequeathed to us a church as well as a literature which to-day are the hope of the world. And the difference now between a philosophy and a religion is much the same. The one engages its time in defining and comparing points of ethics, and is satisfied with the lofty words it can pronounce, and the just distinctions it can make; but religion, which is not ignorant of moral questions, sets itself to work to save mankind from debasement and wretchedness. We would have our readers to bear in mind that religion requires something more than decent attendance at a place of worship to hear themes of moral interest well handled; for if our religious profession goes no further than this, the New Testament says we are deceiving ourselves. He is a true Christian who is not a forgetful hearer, but who buckles on the armour of a sincere warfare, and does faithful service to lessen the ignorance and sin around him. The present condition of the world is a striking proof of what may be accomplished for the purity and happiness of our race by practical energy put forth by humble men. Our whole Christian civilisation was based upon and has been built up by humble and loving efforts of religious minds. We must not forget this fact. Heathen nations have had distinguished philosophers and pure moralists. Their teachings were beautiful, their definitions of good and evil exact, their sympathies appear to have been liberal and their lives often most correct. They possessed favourable opportunities for making an impression upon the moral character of mankind. They lived and were loved, and died; yet it does not appear that those who wondered at the purity of their lives have profited much thereby. They have never been recognised as moral forces in the history of the world. Much more humble men enjoy the greater usefulness of leading mankind to virtue and to God.

DUKINFIELD OLD CHAPEL.

DUKINFIELD OLD CHAPEL.

NONCONFORMITY has been known to Dukinfield for upwards of 200 years. Tradition can yet point out the place in a neighbouring wood where in days of persecution the proscribed Dissenters, under the watch of sentinels and at nightfall, met for prayer and praise. A Mr. Angier, in the year 1681, was permitted to hold a church in his own house; and in 1686 he began to preach in his barn, which was well attended, and for twenty years the only dissenting meeting place there. Some of our Unitarian families look scornfully upon humble places now, forgetting the honourable traditions, and the rock from which we have been hewn. In the year 1709 the first chapel was built, and Mr. Angier had the satisfaction of worshipping for four years before his death in this chapel. He was succeeded by the Rev. W. Buckley, his son-in-law, and the roll of ministers contains, after his death in 1752, the names of Robinson, Stopford, Burgess, Helme, and Gladstone. Afterwards the Rev. William Buckley, son of the former Mr. Buckley, whose ministry closed in 1791. His opinions were Arian. The Rev. D. L. Davies was ordained here in 1791, and was the first preacher of what is called "modern Unitarianism" in Dukinfield. He resigned in 1794, and was succeeded by Mr. Thomas Smith, and then by Mr. Tate, both of whom had been brought up amongst the Methodists. The Rev. James Hawkes and the Rev. Joseph Ashton followed, and in 1819 the Rev. John Gaskell, who for seventeen years, laboured with great success. The Rev. R. B. Aspland was minister from 1838 to 1858. On the 7th March, 1858, the Rev. John Gordon was elected, and on 29th October, 1862, resigned. On the 1st July, 1863, the Rev. John Page Hopps was elected, and on the 28th May, 1869, he sent in his resignation. The Rev. P. H. Wicksteed, M.A., of Taunton, son of the Rev. Chas. Wicksteed, of Liverpool, the present pastor, was unanimously elected on the 17th October last, and was welcomed at a large *soiree*.

The chapel, which stands on an eminence, will seat something like 800 comfortably. The present chapel was opened in 1840. In 1865 three painted windows were put over the southern entrance in place of the old ones. These windows, which were respectively presented by Messrs. David Harrison, Henry Bayley, and James Ogden, are very handsome of Belgian art, representing "The Crucifixion," "Christ giving sight to the blind man," and "Christ blessing little children." The school connected therewith will accommodate about 500, and it is now quite full, and has a staff of about sixty teachers.

Unitarianism is undoubtedly gaining ground in Dukinfield, as is evinced by the fact that scholars have—on account of the want of room—to be refused admission to the school; and, indeed, there is little doubt that were there more Unitarian schools and chapels in this neighbourhood they would soon be full.

THE HAUNTING HYMN.

BY R. E. B. MACLELLAN.

(*An Invalid speaks.*)

THERE is a hymn in Martineau's collection*
Opening, "Lord, Thou art good,"
Which oft has power, in seasons of dejection,
To gild my midnight mood.

We sing it in our chapel to "Saint Peter's,"
When organ, linked with voice,
Seem of all griefs defiers and defeaters,
So grandly they rejoice.

When the bright music round the walls went ringing,
That pearl-day of the seven,
And young and old with heart and soul were singing,
I felt half-way to heaven.

Months on a restless couch may now be numbered
Since last that hymn I heard;
The thoughts which then it woke have never slumbered,
So deeply I was stirred.

Since then, through many nights that know no sleeping;
Its words and notes appear,
'Neath my heart's coverlet so gently creeping,
And stay till dawn is near.

When wading in dark waters of affliction,
Where Faith is sorely tried;
That hymn descends, a form of benediction,
To hold me up and guide.

Light on its balmy pinions it has brought me,
Flowers in my path has strewed,
And this one all-sufficient truth has taught me,
Lord, Thou art good!—art good!

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* Hymn 181.

MY MOTHER'S STORY.

"WHAT sort of a story shall I tell you, darling?"

"Oh, a true story! I am tired of fairy stories and book stories. Tell me something that happened when you were a little girl."

"I will. When I was about as old as you are my mamma went to spend the day with a friend, and took me with her. Our hostess had two little girls, who were very fond of romping in the fields. My mamma had her fears lest I should get hurt, and was particular to forbid my climbing upon any high place whatever.

"There was a ledge of rock near the house, upon which Jenny and Susie had built a playhouse. They told me it was very nice on the top of the great rock, where all their pretty things were.

"'But I cannot go up there, for my mamma has said so,' I argued.

"'O fiddlesticks!' said Jenny.

"'My mamma would be displeased, and I must not disobey her.'

"'It won't hurt anything just to disobey once. I do lots of things my mamma tells me not to.'

"'No, indeed!" said Susie. She will never know anything about it. And we will have such fun up there!'

"She had taken one of my hands, and Jenny caught hold of the other, and together they pulled me along towards the rough, narrow way where they were to make the ascent. I hesitated, and drew back a little. I did not think it would be quite right for me to go, but I had not the firmness to say a decided 'no.' I was remarkably fond of high places. I—I—I—I rather wanted to go up there. It took but a little more coaxing to bring me to the yielding point. I forgot all about my mamma in the pleasant excitement of scrambling over the rough surface of the rock. I trembled a little when I looked backward upon the green grass, and saw how far off it was. But we all sat down together on the top, and my courage came back to me.

"We got tired at last, as little children always do, and thought we would return to the house. Jenny proposed that we should go to the perpendicular side of the rock and jump off. I was frightened at the idea, and dared not venture.

"'But that is the way we always get down,' said Susie. 'We will take hold of your hands just as we did when we came up. You have no idea how quickly it will be done. It will not hurt you at all.'

"After a while I decided to try. Jenny held one of my hands and Susie the other, and told me just when to make the spring into the air. That was the last I remembered for a long time. When I came to my senses the stiff, recently cut grass pricked my face, and I wondered why I had been asleep. I tried to get up, but could not move; and a dreadful pain in my back set me crying.

"'Please don't lie there any longer,' sobbed Susie; 'we thought you were dead.'

"She took hold of me and tried to help me up, but I only screamed.

"'I will run for your mamma,' cried out Jenny, in a frightened voice.

"'No, no, no, don't!' I said, for my disobedience flashed across my mind. Oh, how I wished I had not climbed the rock!"

"Were you afraid your mamma would whip you?" interrupted Julia.

"No, darling. I had never been whipped in my life; but I was wretched with the consciousness of having disobeyed my mamma. I thought there never was so wicked a little girl as myself."

"By and by Jenny and Susie invented a way to carry me to the house. I bore the pain of being moved bravely. They did not take me into the parlours, where the ladies were sitting, but laid me upon the doorstep, and then sat down and told me stories to make me well. For a short time I kept pretty quiet, but my distress increased so much that I was compelled to cry out, and my mamma came to see what was the matter. She took me in her arms, kissed me very tenderly, and sent for the doctor at once. My back was found to be so badly injured that I was obliged to lie in bed for weeks."

"I guess you never disobeyed your mamma after that, did you, aunty?"

"Not very often; yet I was far from being a perfect child. I was sometimes naughty."

"Oh, please tell me about it. I like to hear about your being disobedient, and what happened to you afterwards."

"We shall have to talk about that tomorrow, for the twelve o'clock bell is ringing."

So Julia kissed me and ran down stairs.

THE APPROACHING END OF THE AUTHORISED VERSION.

Our readers will have learned from the papers that the bishops of the Church of England have resolved to memorialise the Government to revise the Scriptures. Now this is a right step; for the nation receives its religion from the Bible, or more strictly speaking from the New Testament, helped and explained by the Old Testament. It was not so always. Four centuries ago we accepted our religion from the priests, as the Roman Catholics do still, for the nation was then Roman Catholic. At that time the Reformation was begun by Wickliffe translating the New Testament into English. By means of that translation the people were in some degree able to form their own theological opinions. They found they had been misled by the priests, who in order to stop the new opinions—the new heresy as they called it—obtained from the Government new persecuting laws. Wickliffe fortunately died in his bed; had he lived two or three years longer he certainly would have been burned alive under the new statute for burning heretics. About the same time the invention of printing gave great assistance to the spread of knowledge, which was to bring about the great change in religion. Another step in the same direction was made by Erasmus, who first printed the Greek Testament. It was then found that Wickliffe's translation, which had been made from the Latin Vulgate of the Roman Catholics, was very far from correct. The Greek Testament gave no countenance to the doctrine of the Trinity. It did not contain the verse in the First Epistle of John about the three heavenly witnesses. Of course the clergy not only here but throughout Europe raised an outcry of heresy against this Greek volume, and against Erasmus, its editor. Wickliffe had escaped from the fury of the clergy by death, but Erasmus escaped in a less honourable way. To satisfy them he falsified the Greek Testament, and published a new edition containing the spurious verse in support of the Trinity, and thus the progress of truth received a serious check. Several new translations, however, were made, all better than Wickliffe's, though not so good as they might have been had bigotry been less supported by the authority of Government. At length, when the Reformation in England was completed, there was made in James I.'s reign the translation now in general use called the authorised version. This was a better translation than any that had been before made, but it still contained the spurious verse on the Trinity in the First Epistle of John, together with many mistranslated passages which give a support to the old errors of orthodoxy. It gave, however, tolerable satisfaction for the next two hundred years. But during the present century the necessity of a new translation has been made more and more evident. This has been caused first by the publication of more correct Greek Testaments, free from the errors contained in the so-called received text, from which the authorised version was made; and, secondly, by the greater number of laymen who are now able to read the Greek Testament, and judge for themselves; and, lastly, by the publication of several new translations, which though differing slightly one from the other, are all of them far more correct than the authorised version. In this way great progress has been made, and is being made, towards a new religious reformation.

THINKING AND WORKING.

Mr. Ruskin says, "We are always in these days trying to separate intellect from work. We want one man to be always thinking and another to be always working; and we call one a gentleman, and the other an operative. It is only by labour that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labour can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity."

The poet Wordsworth said the same thing before Ruskin:

"Our life is turned
Out of its course wherever man is made
An offering or a sacrifice—a tool
Or implement—a passive thing employed
As a brute mean, without acknowledgment
Of common right, or interest in the end,
Used or abused as selfishness may prompt.
Say, what can follow for a rational soul
Perverted thus, but weakness in all good,
And strength in all evil?" J. E. D.

HOW TO BREAK UP A CHURCH.

THE *Irish Evangelist* gives the following directions as how to break up a church :—

I. Discourage the pastor.

1. Absent yourself from one service every Sabbath, or miss at least one in three ; if he is not very strong, once in four times may answer.

2. Neglect prayer and class-meetings.

3. Criticise your minister freely, praise him sparingly, find fault plentifully, pray for him little or none.

4. If he proposes to hold extra meetings, withhold your co-operation.

5. Give yourself no concern whether his salary is paid or not.

6. Never call on him socially, or allow him to think that his comfort or that of his family is a matter of any importance in your eyes.

II. Discourage your fellow-members.

1. Observe the directions given above.

2. Complain about everything they do and don't do.

3. Contrive to make yourself the head of a clique, and by their assistance and your own industry keep the church in hot water generally.

4. While doing this lose no opportunity to complain of the bad treatment you are receiving.

5. Discard charity and candour, take distrust to your bosom, and make scheming your speciality.

III. Destroy the confidence of the community.

1. Observe the foregoing directions.

2. Tell the people that you are in the church by force of circumstances, but have no respect for the way in which business is conducted.

3. Publish the faults of your brethren, taking care to magnify them.

4. Make no effort to induce people to attend the church.

5. Take no part in the labours of the Sunday-school.

6. Publish it on all occasions that you have no confidence in the concern, predict that it must fall, go down, blow up, and never can succeed.

By observing these directions faithfully you may have the satisfaction, if the church is not unusually vigorous, of witnessing the fulfilment of your predictions.

MOTHS AND FASHIONS.

BY FAITH ROCHESTER.

WHEN I was a little girl I dearly loved to "rummage." What child does not ? Since I have known the bother of little hands rummaging through my work-basket, and boxes, and drawers, I have begun to understand the feelings my mother must have had when she one day gave me a reluctant consent to look in grandma's chest. That was one thing I had never explored, but I had often wondered at the quaint garments and trinkets brought out and exhibited by other members of the family. At last mother said "Yes," and I bounded joyfully away. As I climbed the narrow stairs that led to the old kitchen chamber, mother called after me—

"I presume you will find moths."

"Moths !" I had no idea what they were, but mother's tone suggested something disagreeable, and checked my ardour for a moment. "Moths !" But they had hurt no one yet, I reflected, and so I mustered courage to lift the heavy lid of the chest. There was a smell of old clothes and old letters, but I saw nothing that I could believe to be a moth, till—O dear ! upon a pile of old-fashioned frocks, funny little capes and broad frilled caps, lay curled up—what was it ? A great black object just under the till of the chest ! I gazed at it with mingled fear and wonder; it did not seem to be alive. I touched it ; there was nothing unpleasant in the contact. Slowly and cautiously I drew it out, and, holding it at arm's length, hastened to the head of the stairs, calling,

"Ma ! Come here ! Quick !"

In a moment mother's face was looking up anxiously from the foot of the stairway.

"Is this a moth ?" I asked earnestly.

How my mother did laugh ! But then, to comfort me in my confusion, she put the supposed moth on her head, and told me it was a bonnet her mother used to wear. It was made of black leghorn. There was a high crown running out and up behind, as though devised to cover a most extravagant chignon. The broad scoop brim ran out and up in front, an extraordinary setting for a pretty face with a frizzed foretop.

How absurd those bonnets seem to us now ! But I think I should have been even more alarmed if I had pulled out of grandma's chest that day a skeleton skirt,

and I am sure I should never have dared to touch a chignon.

Moths, indeed! Corrupting and consuming! How insensibly love of dress eats up women's time and spoils her energies, till she stands before the world disgraced by her moth-eaten womanhood.

How astonished our grandchildren will be on learning the present fashions of woman's dress! My little granddaughter whose possible mother is now a babe in my arms, will she not be puzzled when she first encounters a skeleton skirt in rummaging somebody's antiquated wardrobe? She will laugh, and wonder how such a cage-like contrivance was worn. "So inconvenient!" she will probably say.

"Inconvenient?" I shall answer, "Dear child, their greatest merit was convenience."

"But did not women get tripped by them, and find them catching on things as they walked?"

"Yes, they were a cause of frequent accidents, but they were so useful in keeping the long and cumbersome skirts out of the way of the feet and ancles in walking, that after women become accustomed to them they could hardly be persuaded to give them up."

"What was the use of those long skirts, anyhow? How could women bear to waddle about in them, like over-grown babies?"

"Because they were "over-grown babies," to be sure! Their dress fitly symbolised their undeveloped condition at that time."

But, dear me! should such a conversation ever arise between sweet unborn Mignonette and her doting grandmother, how shall I ever be able to explain to her the absurd and contradictory ideas concerning women that prevailed in my youth? Suppose I try to show her that beauty was the chief thing desired in women, and that it was generally supposed that women dressed could not be beautiful without the aid of long, flowing drapery. She will think we had very vulgar ideas of the beauty most to be desired, to make the raiment of more account than a free and healthy body, and to trammel the mind with such unnecessary and constant cares; impious ideas of beauty, too, to be so shocked at the fact of a woman's being a biped, and to set God's laws of health at defiance by nearly all feminine fashions. How odd it will seem to her that we should first make women uncomfortable in long skirts, in order to make her lovely, and then make her hideous in hoops (for everybody thought them ugly before they learned to "endure, then pity, then embrace," them), in order that she might be comfortable! Shall I tell her that modesty required women to wear long skirts, and then describe to her the "tilters" with the false calves and ribbon garters and embroidered undergarments, made for exposure?

I earnestly hope all these barbarisms will have passed away before the advent of my pretty Mignonette, and that her life and character may not be consumed by any of the corrupting "moths" that made her foremothers ridiculous.

HEAR IT!

If you've any task to do,
Let me whisper, friend, to you,
Do it!

If you've anything to say,
True and needed, yea or nay,
Say it!

If you've anything to love,
As a blessing from above,
Love it!

If you've anything to give,
That another's joy may live,
Give it!

If some hollow creed you doubt,
Though the whole world hoot and shout,
Doubt it!

If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others through the night,
Light it!

If you've any debt to pay,
Rest you neither night nor day,
Pay it!

If you've any joy to hold,
Next your heart, lest it grow cold,
Hold it!

If you've any grief to meet,
At the loving Father's feet,
Meet it!

If you're given light to see
What a child of God should be,
See it!

Whether life be bright or drear,
There's a message sweet and clear
Whispered down to every ear,
Hear it!

A NEW NAME FOR OUR CHURCH.

A few years ago, when talking to an Independent minister about our two sects, he remarked that we were all of us Unitarians. In answer to which I explained that the difference between us was, that we owned our Unitarianism. And, practically speaking, it is necessary to include that thought in the definition of our sect. There are far more persons holding Unitarian opinions within the Church of England than among ourselves. And there are far more ministers of religion in the Church pulpits than in our own pulpits, but then they do not own their Unitarianism. We may be defined, "A body of Christians who own that they are Unitarians." No other words will distinguish us from the great body of the well-educated people around us. One of our American ministers lately travelling through England remarked that he seemed to find that every intelligent man was a Unitarian, and he wondered why our sect was not larger. But there is a very broad distinction between those who boldly own that they are Unitarians, and those who do not. This distinction can be removed only by the spread of sincerity in matters of religion. When a man in the witness-box in the court of justice gives evidence according to his belief, he usually speaks the truth. But when in church he declares his belief, he too frequently tampers with his conscience and forgets the duty of sincerity. In the court of justice he feels bound by the letter of his oath, but in the church, instead of being bound, he interprets the words which he uses in a non-natural sense, and then boasts of the freedom that he enjoys. We are often told that the clergy of the Church of England have more liberty in their teaching than ministers of other sects. I am always sorry to hear this said, for in no other church is a form of prayers used which so logically, so strictly, and so narrowly lays down its opinions as does the liturgy of the Church of England. Those opinions a clergyman teaches every Sunday morning when he uses that liturgy to a number of earnest and devout fellow-worshippers; and if he is of the broad church school, and explains away or contradicts those opinions in his sermon, he is probably not understood by one part of the congregation, while those who understand him can only approve if, under his teaching, they have learned to consider that sincerity is not necessary in repeating the Church creeds.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

BY REV. E. L. REXFORD.

It would be difficult to say how far we may remove theology from religion and still retain a bond of relationship between them. By theology is generally understood a knowledge of God, while religion, as defined by an apostle, is to visit the widow and the fatherless, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world. The former is divine, the latter is both divine and human, and is thus more important, more to be looked after, and more sacredly to be regarded. They are usually associated in our thought, though quite as often they are separate in our actual life. They may be, and often are, mutually helpful, but quite as frequently they take separate courses, and are practically oblivious to each other.

It is certain that there has been much of religious life, chaste and beautiful, that has grown up from the midst of a very bad theology, while there has been, and is, irreligious life that has grown up from the midst of a theology as pure as ever a thought of God could be. We attempt no uniform distinction of this kind, however, as it would be untrue and unjust. If all human beings were consistent we should expect good lives from elevated systems of thought and depraved lives from depraved systems, but a majority of the people do not live in their thought.

Earlier systems of religious and philosophical thought recognised only a special order or class of human energies, while Christianity recognises them all; and while it concedes the inability of man to explore and thoroughly cultivate all provinces of life here, it teaches us that by our earnest Christian doing we shall come to such a knowledge of God as we can gain in no other way. All people cannot be scholastic theologians (it is their good fortune that they cannot), but all person may come to a simple, practical theology by the earnest doing of God's will. Christianity tells us that if we would understand its doctrines we must live in its spirit, calling our faculties into its service,

that our own personal experience shall be the highest evidence of truth. The law of the good man's life is not found in any arbitrary or mechanical statements—it is found in himself. Christ's life was a better statement of Christianity than the New Testament, but while that life could not be perpetuated among men, its record was the next most helpful fact for the world. That, however, is only as a picture when compared with Christ's living, and to this day the good man's life, the good woman's life, is a better translation of Christ than any one passage from the Bible. Give us the Christian passages in your life, and we shall find far less occasions for difference of opinion than when we seek to explain the statements of Christianity. Illustrations, if they be well drawn, are less liable to be misunderstood than mere statements, and if we could have more of these illustrations of the divine beauty of Christianity drawn from human character we would have less wrangling about evangelical and unevangelical doctrines. If we had more evangelical lives upon earth—lives that are joy-inspiring messengers of glad tidings to all the needy—we should hear less about "Evangelical Associations" and more about associations of Christian life.

What will it signify to speak to the oppressor of the mercies of the Christian religion? To the man who habitually defrauds, what does Christian integrity signify? To the corrupt and licentious man what meaning is there in the precepts of Christian purity? To the man whose every faculty of body and mind is engrossed in materialism, what will the doctrine of a spiritual immortality be? Or, more vital still, where will you look in such a life for the strong personal conviction that there is such an immortality? These precepts and doctrines cannot be realised in a moment. Long years are necessary to develope their meaning—long years of earnest religious striving.

The forces of human life are Christianised, if ever, while in vigorous activity, and he who is not a Christian in the hour of peril has victories yet to win. It requires time and striving to place the impress of Christ upon all these faculties and possibilities of life, and in the light of this necessity it seems that we may read the mistake which many religious leaders have made—the mistake of supposing that a life may be Christianised in a moment. It is worse than idle, and he who thinks it probable is sadly victimised.

It is thus that the good life has access to the best theology. It is practical knowledge, and has somewhat the meaning of Christ: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." The best theology rises from the practical directions for Christian life, and in every instance they reach out into that grand order of benevolence and providence which is universal, guiding and loving all, and for ever loving. Christian theology and Christian ethics combine on this basis of divine and human love. God and his child meet alone on the mount of loving sacrifice—the child bringing God into his earthly life, God uplifting the child to heaven.

SIMILARITIES IN DEATH.

SHAKESPEARE has said, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;" and so it is that when some great crisis occurs in the history of the members of different sects how like they are in their feelings, and their expressions are near akin. Priestley, who was a Unitarian, said, when dying, to his son-in-law, "We shall all meet again." The Rev. John Jenkins, Vicar of Kerry, was a Churchman, and his last words were, "I am happy in Jesus." The Rev. D. Jones was a Wesleyan, and his words, when at the point of death, were, "All well." The Rev. Evan Griffiths was a Calvinistic Methodist, and his testimony in the vale was, "Death is a gain to me." The Rev. Christmas Evans was a Baptist, and his words in the fords of the river were, "Here is the carriage come; fare well. Drive on." The Rev. W. Williams (Wern) was an Independent, who, just before his departure, had this conversation with his invalid daughter:—"Well, Eliza dear, we are going, as it were, for the first, which of us shall win, think you?" "I think I shall, father," replied she." "Perhaps so, but whither do you wish to go?" "To heaven." "And whom do you look to there?" "To Jesus and to my mother." "Very well, Eliza dear; tell them that I shall soon follow." Why should difference of opinion be a cause of separation and of ill-feeling between good men!

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

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THE BISHOPS.—Sidney Smith once said, "The eye of the public is on the bishops, and perhaps, some day, look which way it will, it may not be able to see any bishops at all!"

SECRET OF TRUE GENTILITY.—Depend upon it, religion is, in its essence, the most gentlemanly thing in the world. It will alone gentleise if unmixed with cant; and I know of nothing else that will alone.—*Coleridge.*

ALL WORKING FOR GOOD.—A Scotch minister being asked by a friend during his last illness whether he thought himself dying, replied: "Really, friend, I care not whether I am or not. For, if I die, I shall be with God, and if I live, God will be with me."

ONE OF A LARGE FAMILY.—A gentleman who takes a business view of most things, when recently asked respecting a person of quite a poetic temperament, replied: "Oh! he is one of those men who have soarings after the infinite, and divings after the unfathomable, but who never pay cash."

EXCITEMENT WITHOUT RELIGION. — In a religious excitement, a person met a neighbour, who took him by the hand, and said: "I have become a Christian." "I am glad of it," he replied. "Suppose now we have a settlement of that little account between us. Pay me what thou owest." "No," said the new born child, turning on his heel; "religion is religion, and business is business."

DR. JOHNSON ON SOLOS.—Dr. Johnson was observed by a musical friend to be very inattentive at a concert, while a celebrated solo player was giving an extraordinary performance upon the violin. His friend, to induce him to take greater notice of what was going on, explained how extremely difficult it was. "Difficult, do you call it, sir?" responded the doctor. "I wish it were impossible."

THE POPES OF ROME.—Ninety popes died from violence of armed men, from over indulgence in drink, or from immoral causes. Two popes were nominated by empresses who were their mistresses. Sixty-four popes perished in an extraordinary manner—some of them of unnameable tortures, or diseases, or dissipations. And most of the Œcumenical Councils have been characterised by as much disorder and discreditable riot as any political convention of modern times.

THE SOUL.—Samuel Wesley visited one of his parishioners as he was upon his dying bed—a man who had never missed going to church in forty years. "Thomas, where do you think your soul will go?" "Soul! soul!" said Thomas. "Yes, sir," said Mr. Wesley, "do you not know what your soul is?" Aye, surely," said Thomas; "why, it is a little bone in the back that lives longer than the body." "So much," says John Wesley, who related it on the authority of Dr. Lupton, who had it from his father, "had Thomas learned from hearing sermons, and exceedingly good sermons, for forty years."

PERSEVERE.—Theodore Parker, when a student at the Cambridge Divinity School, was very awkward and decidedly verdant, but was marked for his tenacious memory and indomitable industry. His first sermon in the chapel was crude and boyish. Henry Ware, his professor, told him he ought to be ashamed of such a performance when he could do a great deal better. Theodore sat down and cried. "I have done my very best," he said, "and Henry Ware says it is good for nothing. I may as well give up, for I shall never make anything in this world." He however persevered, and the world knows the result.

SENSELESS AND VERY WRONG.—"Dear mother," said a delicate little girl, "I have broken your china vase!" "Well, you are a naughty, careless, troublesome little thing, always in some mischief; go up stairs, and stay in the closet till I send for you!" And this was a *Christian mother's* answer to the tearful little culprit, who had struggled with and conquered the temptation to tell a falsehood to screen her fault. With a disappointed, disheartened look, the sweet child obeyed; and at that moment was crushed in her little heart the sweet flower of truth, perhaps never again in after years to revive to life. Oh, what were the loss of a thousand vases in comparison!"

CATHOLICS AGAINST INFALLIBILITY. — A recent German Catholic protest against the Pope's infallibility contains some curious and striking historical facts which have special interest at present. They are the more forcible as coming from a Roman Catholic source:—"Innocent I. and Gelasius I. taught that infants who die without the communion are damned—a dogma anathematised by the Council of Trent a thousand years afterward. Leo IX. and Gregory VII. asserted the invalidity of simoniacal ordinations—a dogma now repudiated by the whole Roman Church. Nicholas I. assured the Bulgarians that baptism might be administered in the name of Christ alone. Stephen II. declared that a marriage with a slave girl was not indissoluble, against the decrees of all previous Popes. Celestine III. maintained that the tie was dissolved when one of the parties became a heretic. Innocent III. asserted that the code of Deuteronomy is binding on Christians. Sixtus V. brought out a translation of the Bible, excommunicating everybody who did not receive it as correct; but it turned out to be overflowing with blunders so portentous that all the copies sold were bought in and the whole edition suppressed. Thus it is that out of their own mouths the Popes are convicted; and yet, in all human probability, they are solemnly declared infallible."

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